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Boudica's Fire

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Olivia Trotter

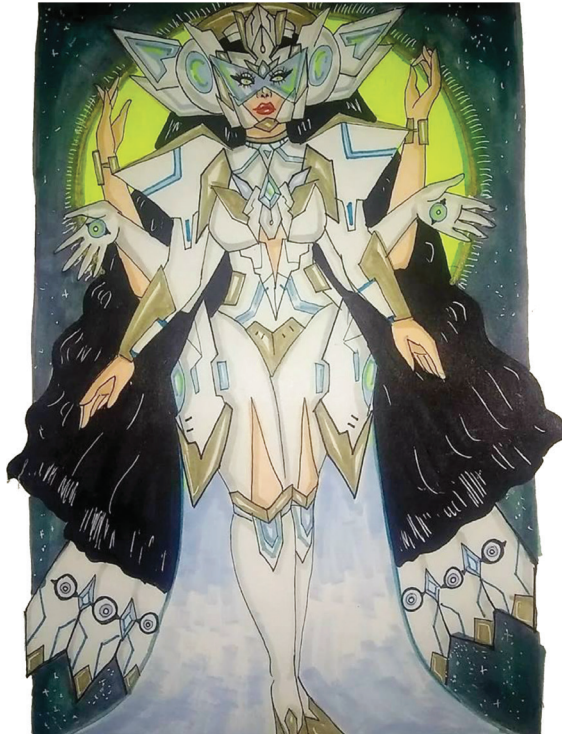
Rome betrayed her.
Her daughters raped,
And herself flogged,
Naked,
Publically,
For the insolence of being a woman.

But Boudica was not just a woman,
She was the Queen of the Iceni.

Rome only incurred her wrath.

Boudica led the Celts,
Not as a queen,
But as one with outrage and vengeance
Raging in her soul.

Three moons of warfare,
Boudica left a bloody trail behind her:



Heavenly Bodies Erick Mendoza



Heavenly Bodies
Erick Mendoza

The waters ran red as bodies washed ashore,
Roman cities burnt to the ground,
Fires raged for days,
As did Boudica's anger.

With Londinium incinerated behind her,
Boudica addressed her army.
Her fiery hair contrasting with the blue paint on her visage,
She looked as ferocious as she felt.
Anger and rage heated her face.

"They lay claim and dominion over us and our lands!
We are not their slaves!
And this land can never be conquered!"

Boudica lost the war for freedom,
But she was never forgotten.
By the very city she burned to the ground,

A city once so scorched,
The scars are still evident almost two thousand years later.
All because of Boudica's fiery wrath.